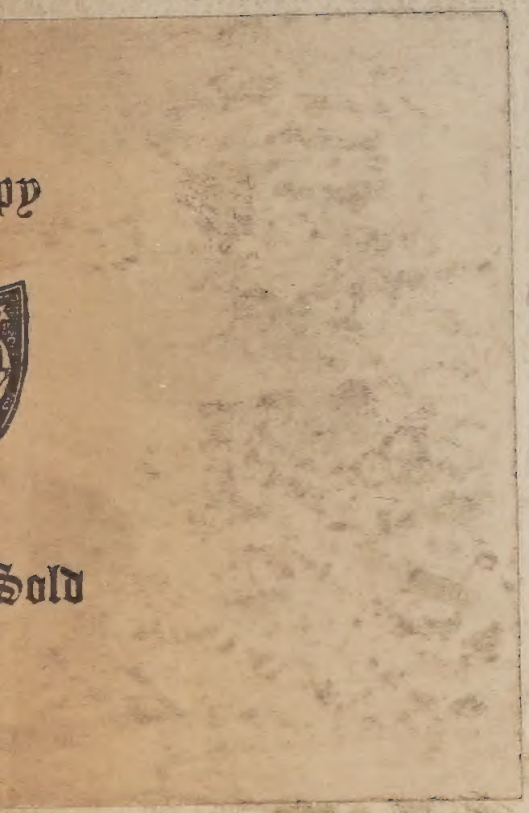
SELECTIONS

from the Writings of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney



REFERENCE LIBRARY OF

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

2 PARK STREET, BOSTON

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE SHELVES
EXCEPT BY PERMISSION OF
THE LIBRARIAN

REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOSTON MASS.
Archive Collection
This book may not leave the Offices and if borrowed must be returned within 7 days

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
Boston Public Library

https://archive.org/details/selectionsfromwr00whit_0

SELECTIONS

FROM THE WRITINGS OF MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY

Arranged under the Days of the Year, and accompanied by Memoranda of Anniversaries of Noted Events and of the Birth or Death of Famous Men and Women

BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO. The Riverside Press, CAMBRIDGE

Copyright, 1887,
By HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

All rights reserved.

GOOD things had befallen me all through the day:
A blessing of morsels, — small helps by the way;
Work running on even, and coming out right;
Bright thoughts with the morning, good words at the night;

So evening was sweet, and as shadows fell deep,
My spirit was turned to the Lord of the sheep.
"Thou leadest! Thou feedest!" in silence I said:
"And the crumbs from thy hand are the best of the bread.

. . . . . .

"O dear daily bread, and the thought for no more!
The not knowing whence, that is infinite store!
The grand peradventure it is to be poor,
Through sureness of waiting on Him who is sure!"

. . . . . .

FULFILLED.

JANUARY 1-3

1. *Maria Edgeworth*, 1767.

To-day is a strange word. The point a life has got to, beyond which it must pierce the dark; behind which lies its own trail of light, born of its own movement, and showing — always *behind* — what it has truly meant and been. HITHERTO.

2. *James Wolfe*, 1727.

The great emotions are not meant to come to us daily in their unqualified strength. God knows how to dilute his elixirs for the soul. His fine, impalpable air, spread round the earth, is not more cunningly mixed from pungent gases for our hourly breath than life itself is thinned and toned that we may receive and bear it.

LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE.

3. *Battle of Princeton*, 1777.

Nay, let us be thankful and strong
That the breath of life is as long as the day,
And the song is as long as the weariful way,
And so, we 'll go singing along!

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

JANUARY 4-7

4. *Arrest of the Five Members*, 1642.

We are all married — we all live — we all die — in scraps. Nothing comes all at once to us, any more than rain comes solid.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

5. *Stephen Decatur*, 1779.

The world is God's world, and all the nobleness in it is for those who can find and feel it.

BONNYBOROUGH.

6. *Charles Sumner*, 1811.

Self put away, and put away the sin;
The Glory shown, and followed the Behest,
Then Life, that waits its tideway, doth set in,
And in all lives is God made manifest.

HOLY-TIDES.

7. *Israel Putnam*, 1718.

Your day will come, though it arrive but slowly;
There 's cream in all life, set however lowly.
. . . . . .
Everything comes to its luck some day;
I 've got chickens! What will folks say?

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

JANUARY 8-10

8. *Robert Schumann*, 1810.

We live among signs and sacraments ; by and by the books of the meanings shall be opened, and we shall see all things within their parables.

HITHERTO.

Don't we live in parallel lines ? I always think so. I feel as if we walked in the shadow, here, of the real thing somewhere, — at the selfsame time, I mean. When we *only* walk in the shadow, you know, it is a vain one, and we disquiet ourselves in vain.

BONNYBOROUGH.

9. *Napoleon III. died*, 1873.

There 's beauty waiting to be born,
And harmony that makes no sound
And bear we ever, unaware,
A glory that hath not been crowned.

PANSIES.

10. *English penny post established*, 1840.

And so we yearn, and so we sigh,
And reach for more than we can see ;
And, witless of our folded wings,
Walk Paradise unconsciously.

PANSIES.

11. *Bayard Taylor*, 1825.

I think this world is just for us to make up our mouths in. And after that, comes the blessedness — for those that have found out what to hunger and thirst for. HITHERTO.

12. *John Winthrop*, 1588.

Sometimes there are only instants, to show what all life — that waits, a soundless, unawakened thing, like an untouched, unstrung viol, or lies heavily like dead, unvoiced air — might be!

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

13. *Salmon P. Chase*, 1808.

There is a casting off in everything, that the true form may come. I think that should be the courage of living. BONNYBOROUGH.

14. *M. F. Maury*, 1806.

If always the statesman attained to his hopes,
And grasped the great helm, who would stand by the ropes?
Or if all dainty fingers their duties might choose,
Who would wash up the dishes and polish the shoes? MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

15. *Marjorie Fleming*, 1803.

God's stintless joy goes round, goes round;
No soul that dwelleth so apart
It may not feel the circling pulse
Outwelling from the eternal heart.

PANSIES.

16. *Edmund Spenser died*, 1599.

The worst "might have beens" are those that we ourselves have thrust aside, or changed, or passed unheeded. HITHERTO.

17. *Benjamin Franklin*, 1706.

There are persons who have an impediment of speech, so that the thoughts that shape themselves in the brain are smothered there, and can never be born in fitting utterance. There are many who have an impediment of life. A something wanting — withheld — that hinders the inner existence from flowering out into visible fact and deed. Flowers it not somewhere? Is there not building somewhere, all the while, that which God hath reserved for them from the foundation of the world? FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

JANUARY 18-21

18. *Daniel Webster*, 1782.

We are between powers and powers by every act. And our doing comes back to us, in the fulfillment of other doing, from above or from below us.

ODD, OR EVEN?

19. *James Watt*, 1736.

Do not stand wishing, waiting, for that which may happen to a fellow-creature, or in his life. You do not know what power you may have hold of, or how your secret sin may work for you, making you guilty of the event.

ODD, OR EVEN?

20. *Albert Gallatin*, 1761.

A double life is this of ours;
A twofold form wherein we dwell:
And heaven itself is not so strange,
Nor half so far as teachers tell.

PANSIES.

21. *John C. Frémont*, 1813.

There is a sunlight that contracts the vision; there is a starlight that enlarges it to take in infinite space.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

22. *Francis Bacon*, 1561.

Truth that is told or known,
By you or me,
Is the Lord's gold alone:
His treasury
Distributes but his own. DAFFODILS.

23. *William Pitt died*, 1806.

"Give us our daily bread," "Lead us not into temptation," — they have to do with each other, if we know the daily bread when we see it.

LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE.

24. *Charles James Fox*, 1749.

Out of all lives, actual and possible, each one of us appropriates continually into his own. This is a world of hints only, out of which every soul seizes to itself what it needs.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

You need not wait for the very words in your ear, to be confided in, or to get your share. . . . A bit of everybody's piece is given to you. . . . "Living alone in the world" would be a bitter separateness if it were not for the "things accomplished" in the neighbor-lives that "are in the world."

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

JANUARY 25-28

25. *Robert Burns*, 1759.

There are points of experience where all things gather. Eternity is in them. They are like the three short years of the Lord Christ's ministering to the world.

SIX OF ONE BY HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

26. *Benjamin R. Haydon*, 1786.

Ah, noon *is* day ! There is no other one,
Your central height is mid-most being, too;
The radiant solstice of your summer sun
Is heart of the Forever unto you ! DAFFODILS.

27. *W. A. Mozart*, 1756.

Life and love, like the planet, are round; and though we lose out of our little horizon, nothing that holds to them by the eternal gravitation ever falls away. . . .

I know it is "six days and a Sunday" in this living of ours; but I think the Sunday *spreads!*

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

28. *Charles George Gordon*, 1833.

Self-love is a burning-glass that makes a focus in the heart. One can wait for God without an ache; looking *on*, not inward. HITHERTO.

JANUARY 29-31

29. *Emanuel Swedenborg*, 1688.

It takes an everlasting lifetime to grow to the faith of what we believe in.

If we 've a mind to be saved He 'll begin with us; and He won't be done with us until we 're done with Him. BONNYBOROUGH.

30. *Walter Savage Landor*, 1775.

We are small creatures, and can only pick up atoms as we go, whether of things outward or inward. People talk about taking "comprehensive views;" and they suppose they do it. There is only One who does. FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

31. *Franz Schubert*, 1797.

This thing we learn while here below, —
  Nothing complete and finished is:
We do but gather, as we go,
  Beginnings and half-knowledges.

DAFFODILS.

The heaven and earth of the outward pass away continually; it is what they were made for; if they did not, we should be in prison. We only make one little sign at a time in the outward world, — the sign of the present moment. That is nothing in itself, . . . it is nothing except for the past which has been, and the future which shall be, and which are both forever alive.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

FEBRUARY 1-4

1. *Arthur H. Hallam*, 1811.

Our first accountability is deeper than issue or act; it is away back in our very selves, and what we give ourselves to there. ODD, OR EVEN?

2. *Hannah More*, 1745.

You may breathe deep, or you may only breathe from the top of your lungs. Very few — do any? — live from their utmost depths.

HITHERTO.

3. *Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*, 1809.

People are born, in a sense, what they become; fate is folded up in us; but nobody can skip over the history into the pose and rôle it puts them in.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

4. *Josiah Quincy*, 1772.

There is a world in us that God keeps to himself, except when He calls some few souls, with special errand for us, to receive a glimpse. It is full of life, and growths, and wonders, that are to be developed and revealed. . . . It is the world of the spiritual microscope.

The Lord takes his time; but it is his own, and He has got lots of it. BONNYBOROUGH.

FEBRUARY 5-7

5. *Ole Bull*, 1810.

How many souls hunger till they are past their appetite! Go on, — down through the years, — needy and waiting, and never find or grasp that which a sure instinct tells them they were made for.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

6. *Madame de Sevigné*, 1626.

God knows a thousand "might have beens" where we know one; he can look at them all patiently, because — this is the blessedness — he knows a thousand "maybe's" also!

HITHERTO.

"I have done the best I knew. Lord, if I was in a hurry, and did not wait for all thou hadst to say, if I have made anything wrong to-day, oh, put it right, or make right come of it!" . . . He both could and would, she knew; . . . was it not what He came, and is with us always for, to *judge* the world?

BONNYBOROUGH.

7. *Charles Dickens*, 1812.

Drink the sweet rain the gentle heaven sendeth;
Hold thine own path, howeverward it tendeth;
For somewhere, underneath the eternal sky,
Thou, too, shalt find the Rivers, by and by!

PANSIES.

FEBRUARY 8-11

8. *William Tecumseh Sherman*, 1820.

Life is broken up into delusive rainbows. There is hardly any steady, pure, white light anywhere. SIX OF ONE BY HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

9. *James Parton*, 1822.

The waves of light, — the pulses, — come in measured lengths; the red longest, because the pulse is slowest; the violet shortest, with its inconceivably fine and quick vibration; and every little film on earth that catches them, receives just its own color, as its thickness or thinness corresponds to the stroke, and takes up the beat.

HITHERTO.

10. *Ary Scheffer*, 1795.

God giveth. Not his best at first;
He who set forth the feast of old
Began with wine that was the worst;
After the crimson comes the gold.

PANSIES.

11. *Lydia Maria Child*, 1802.

And be thou sure what tint soe'er
The broken rays beneath may wear,
It needs them all, that, broad and white,
God's love may weave the perfect light!

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

FEBRUARY 12-14

12. *Abraham Lincoln*, 1809.

Stand each man in his place; it is all He asks of you; the *whole* place is His; and stand for the Lord!

ODD, OR EVEN?

Come *to*, there is n't so much as any little nut-meat that has n't got a whole tree in it.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

13. *Talleyrand*, 1754

Life does not stop; it is death then; life goes on, though ring after ring of the tree-trunk, and leaf after leaf in the springtimes, should be the same. There is more and more of it; and after a while its multiplied sameness is its breadth and glory.

HITHERTO.

14. *Winfield Scott Hancock*, 1824.

Will winter never be over?
  Will the dark days never go?
Must the buttercup and the clover
  Be always hid under the snow?

Ah, lend me your little ear, love!
  Hark! 't is a beautiful thing:
The weariest month of the year, love,
  Is shortest and nearest the spring!

DAFFODILS.

FEBRUARY 15-18

15. *Rufus M. Griswold*, 1815.

We live two lives. A life of our deepest thought and feeling, that gets stirred but seldom; and a surface life among things and words.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

16. *Philip Melanchthon*, 1497.

I wonder what crossness really is; whether it 's sinning or being sinned against, mostly? Things are crossed — or people — when they go different ways. When everything is put athwart, you 're "thrawn" — . . . and how can you help it?

BONNYBOROUGH.

Life 's a strange thing, and worlds are mixed. The devils and the angels go up and down together; no wonder we want the telling of the sure foundation.

BONNYBOROUGH.

17. *Treaty of Peace with Great Britain ratified*, 1815.

What gets crowded out? Day by day, that is the great test of our life.

LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE.

18. *George Peabody*, 1795.

You may seem to be alone; you may not be able to fit your life to the lives of your fellows. To what did the Son of God fit his life?

ODD, OR EVEN?

19. *Copernicus*, 1473.

Think you that just those forty days He kept
For His share of our fast?—
Think you the tears at Bethany He wept—
Were Pity's first and last?

Nothing He ever did for once and all:
Each single, bounded deed
Was dear, unstraitened promise, to forestall
Our every hap and need. HOLY-TIDES.

20. *David Garrick*, 1716.

The more room the fuller we shall be filled. The Lord does n't make space to put in emptiness.
BONNYBOROUGH.

21. *John Henry Newman*, 1801.

They, only, who go without, know, truly, what it is to have. FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD

If Jesus had literally swept all pain and death from before his presence, wherever He went, and as long as He lived upon the earth, we should not have learned the other side of his mercy that He came to show. . . . He manifests forth the love and the might that can deliver, that we may know what the love and might must be that suffer things to be so now. SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

FEBRUARY 22-25

22. *Washington*, 1731; *J. R. Lowell*, 1816.

I often think the selfsame shade —
  This difference of a hair —
Divides between the men of naught
  And those who do and dare.
An instant cometh on the wing,
  Bearing a Kingly crown:
This man is dazzled and lets it by —
  That seizes and brings it down.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

23. *Händel*, 1685.

It takes all sorts of folks and all sorts of workers to make up the world to the Lord's mind.

ODD, OR EVEN?

24. *George William Curtis*, 1824.

Somebody must give up, always, when things fall wrong.

BONNYBOROUGH.

25. *Sir Christopher Wren died*, 1723.

There is a "best" to be got out of everything; but it is neither the best of place or possession, nor the chuckle of the last word.

LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE.

FEBRUARY 26-29

26. *Victor Hugo*, 1802.

Go up into your wilderness with Him !
He knows its tangle wild, —
The secret of its desert-places dim, —
And walks there with His child.

HOLY-TIDES.

27. *H. W. Longfellow*, 1807.

We all see something ; and they who see most need turning more and more toward the light. It takes a great deal to bring us face to face.

ODD, OR EVEN?

28. *Montaigne*, 1533.

We make mistakes, or what we call such. The nature that could fall into such mistake exactly needs, and in the goodness of the dear God is given, the living of it out. HITHERTO.

We are not bound to see things beyond our horizon. BONNYBOROUGH.

29. *Rossini*, 1792.

There ain't ever an odd that ain't half an even, and the other half is sure to fit on somewheres.

ODD, OR EVEN?

MARCH 1-3

1. *William Dean Howells*, 1837.

The narrower your daily round, the wider may be the outreach. Isolated upon a barren mountain-peak, you may take in river and lake, forest, field, and valley. FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

It is not much that makes me glad:
I hold more than I ever had.
The empty hand may farther reach,
And small sweet signs all beauty teach.
DAFFODILS.

2. *Pope Leo XIII.*, 1810.

The Lord has got *us* where He can speak to us and tell us things, — of ourselves and Him. We are not apes and owls, nor spores, any more, whatever we have been. And He says to us, — "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." BONNYBOROUGH.

3. *Edmund Waller*, 1606.

To pronounce a nature complex is not of necessity to decide it great, or the higher toward perfection, but rather the contrary; for, once arrived in the scale of life at the human, we have come to where advance means or involves an ascending reduction. BONNYBOROUGH.

MARCH 4-6

4. *First Congress met in New York*, 1789.

Believe that however little of tangible present good you may have, you have the unseen good of heaven, and the promise of all things to come.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

We fit ourselves to that which fits, and feei it ours. What difference is there, of years and days? Some time, it shall be *all* ours; gathered up, even to the veriest glimpses; no dropped crumb lost, of the twelve baskets full; and we shall find our future . . . made up of the best of that which has been.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

5. *James Madison*, 1751.

The real inclusion of the less in the greater is the including of what we call results or exceptional occurrences in the infinite and eternal working of the numberless continual causes and sequences that we can never trace.

ODD, OR EVEN?

6. *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, 1809.

In the close limit that confines
  Our getting and our giving,
Unless we read between the lines,
  What should we do with living?

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

MARCH 7-10

7. *Stephen Hopkins*, 1707.

Something is sure to unsettle, and to shake into a better shape than we had intended. . . . Certainly nothing ever stands still; because the Father worketh. What looks like waiting, is leaving time for the chemistries of change.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

8. *Edwin Percy Whipple*, 1819.

The minutes are given to them who are forbidden the days and the years; and in the Lord's giving He can make the days as the years, and the minutes as the days. PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

9. *Fight of the Merrimac and Monitor*, 1862.

I like a little; all the rest
Is somewhere; and our Lord knows best
How the whole robe hath grace for them
Who only touch the garment's hem.

DAFFODILS.

10. *Alexander III., Czar of Russia*, 1845.

On so little may hearts live. God keeps the breath in us, we know not how.

THE GAYWORTHYS.

MARCH 11-13

11. *First daily paper in London*, 1702.

Blessed are the poor, who can feel, even in the keenest earthly joy, how there is a fulness of life laid up in Him who gives it, of whose depth the best gladness here is but a glimpse and foretaste.

FAITH GARTNEY.

12. *Bishop Berkeley*, 1684.

We must be led. We trust to be. But we shan't be *dragged*. We 've got to take every single step ourselves, and choose to take it as it comes. Experience is realizing in one's self what one believes. That can't be done in a minute, though it is always in some minute that everything is begun. . . .

What good would it do me to go to heaven, even, . . . if behind me was a piece of life unlived, a piece of loving that I had n't learned or done?

BONNYBOROUGH.

13. *Joseph Priestley*, 1733.

A picked-up dinner argues a fresh one sometime. You can't have cold roast mutton unless it has once been hot.

LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE.

14. *Victor Emmanuel*, 1820; *Humbert*, 1844.

What may change, must. There are things that cannot change. THE GAYWORTHYS.

15. *Andrew Jackson*, 1767.

Nay; the brief times are in His hand
Who portioned, keeps, and can recall.
Plain in His sight our fragments stand
A perfect story; Heaven holds all!

DAFFODILS.

16. *Caroline L. Herschel*, 1750.

There was the wave-breast, you know, and the heave-shoulder. Don't they compare to the heart and the strength in the commandment? Ain't everything that we have in our hearts, or that 's good to them, like the sweet, rich food of fine flour and oil, and the fat of the breast, to be lifted up first of all, before we take it to ourselves; and ain't the strength of a man's shoulder to be heaved for the Lord? BONNYBOROUGH.

17. *Madame Roland*, 1754.

Every life is a centre, and all things are made for it, just as if there were no other. HITHERTO.

18. *John C. Calhoun*, 1782.

. . . Though deep and far
Stretch the want and the wish of man,
Hid in the bud of an infinite plan
All blessed and sure providings are.

DAFFODILS.

19. *Andrew Preston Peabody*, 1811.

The great events that come to us wear two aspects. One when we look at them from the inmost, and measure them in all their mighty relation to what is everlasting; and again another as they affect only the little outward details of doing.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

20. *Publication of Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 1852.

As we live into our angelhood, — as we live the life and do the errands of the Kingdom in ever such weak or little ways, — we find out more and more that we are set to work in the unseen. He maketh us spirits. . . . And his ministers he makes a flame of fire. Bearers and kindlers, by that lighted upon them from his own infinite Heart-blaze, of the fire of a true life to souls.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

MARCH 21-24

21. *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*, 1763.

There is life of all sorts, everywhere; and anybody can go about the world and pick up what belongs to them. Perhaps the quiet, limited people are most sure what does belong when they come to it. SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

22. *Rosa Bonheur*, 1822.

It is the meanings of life, and not so much living itself, that God has for us here.

PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

One hardly ever gets the two ends, or sides, at once, to anything in this world. BONNYBOROUGH.

23. *Laplace*, 1749.

Over into each other's worlds, in a way, we may look; and our own may borrow from what lies about the borders of those that touch upon it; but scarcely any two, however dear, inhabit, literally, one domain, — have one identical range and region. THE GAYWORTHYS.

24. *Death of Longfellow*, 1882.

The life and the fruit are inextricably one, — the growth and the withering are inevitably determined. LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE.

MARCH 25-27

25. *New Year's Day, old style.*

We see thy Kingdom coming! In the clouds,
Yet with great glory! Though the eclipse that shrouds
Our shortened noon shall last till set of sun, —
Though we grow old before the fight is won, —
Though day for us be never more restored,
We will look onward! God is still the Lord!

PANSIES.

26. *Count Rumford*, 1753.

It is for Life, — not so much, even, for Death, — that we are to be "ready." Ready for God's call, that comes to us in an hour when we think not, and demands all the strength we should have grown to, to enable us to decide and act.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

I think . . . that most especially of all we have to do with the very bit of the history He is making with us, and what it is saying to us, any hour.

BONNYBOROUGH.

27. *Vera Cruz taken by Scott*, 1847.

We cannot be too little to be like Him; nor so great as to work outside of Him.

PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

MARCH 28-31

28. *Thomas Clarkson*, 1760.

You may be called to do strange things, — hard things, even though small, for you to do. But the things are yet to be done, if there shall not be destruction after destruction upon the easy and familiar and unrighteous doing.

ODD, OR EVEN?

29. *Swedenborg died*, 1772.

The Lord shows us His wounds for us, and waits to pronounce his peace upon us.

If we bear the pain with which He touches us, — we shall also receive the other. THE OTHER GIRLS.

The crumbs from Thy hand are the best of the bread. DAFFODILS.

30. *Sir Henry Wotton*, 1568.

So in the Great Redemption have we part;
The Holy Sacrifice is made within:
The Blood of Christ is shed in every heart
Whose living depth repents of its dead sin!

DAFFODILS.

31. *William Morris Hunt*, 1824.

Life may be let alone. It is dying we have to struggle with. BONNYBOROUGH.

APRIL 1-3

1. *William Harvey*, 1578.

How did the Lord keep Easter? With his own!
Back to meet Mary where she grieved alone,
With face and mien all tenderly the same,
Unto the very sepulchre He came.

. . . . . .

And I do think, as He came back to her,
The many mansions may be all astir
With tender steps that hasten in the way,
Seeking their own upon this Easter Day.

HOLY-TIDES.

2. *Hans Christian Andersen*, 1805.

When my heart is warm, I know, as the blind know, that I am in the sunshine that I cannot see.

PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

3. *Washington Irving*, 1783.

Not always beyond the stars, or beneath the deeps, are the answers to life's dearest askings, — the word and the gift are nigh, even in the mouth and the heart that are thirsting and beseeching.

HITHERTO.

Soul-messages may not be stayed nor crossed;
Out of God's mails no letter is lost. DAFFODILS.

APRIL 4-7

4. *Benjamin Peirce*, 1809.

How we all build, and build, and make such feeble actual strokes toward completion.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

5. *Sir Henry Havelock*, 1795.

The powers of judgment are mightier than the powers of desolation; we know not what shall be His magnifying of the smallest act, done in the remotest part, for His name. He did His mightiest works on earth in Galilee.

ODD, OR EVEN?

6. *Raphael*, 1483, *died* 1520.

In just that very place of His
Where He hath put and keepeth you,
God hath no other thing to do!"

Be yourself *to* yourself. Live your life, and be honest with it.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

7. *William Wordsworth*, 1770.

We can all wait our turn; things are never done happening; everybody can be patient but children and chickens.

PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

APRIL 8-10

8. *George Washington Greene*, 1811.

The Lord knoweth them that are His! and if He knows that, He knows the rest of it, — them that are each other's, and how to sort us out at last. It 's all one! BONNYBOROUGH.

9. *Lee's Surrender*, 1865.

Whether we go or stay, as to place, we all move on; from our Mondays to our Saturdays; from one experience to another. THE OTHER GIRLS.

10. *S. C. F. Hahnemann*, 1755.

And we know that the hills of God
Slope down from their uppermost height
With the pathways, messenger-trod,
Into our sorrow and night. DAFFODILS.

There are minutes so holy and so heartful, — so grand or so heroic, — that it seems as if they ought to be arrested . . . until the long procession of the generations should all pass by to feel and see; and so the painter and the sculptor work to keep these scenes as if they were alive; and we look at the statue or the picture, and forget that only because the moment *is* forever alive, it can be so put down. . . . Whatever really has been, always is. SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

APRIL 11-14

11. *Edward Everett*, 1794.

Nothing ever stays exactly where it was, in days that come between. ODD, OR EVEN?

12. *Henry Clay*, 1777.

To-day need not necessarily continue at once the chief interest of yesterday. That lives, but bides its time. THE GAYWORTHYS.

13. *Fall of Fort Sumter*, 1861.

When we wait for one particular hope, and will not be satisfied with any other, the whole force of ourselves bends toward it, — we dictate to life, and wrest its tendencies at every turn.

THE OTHER GIRLS.

14. *Flag raised again over Fort Sumter*, 1865.

There are moments in life like moves at chess; when it may be this game or that with us, and either may seem, in its after course, as if it were the right and only one that we could have taken. . . . The end may not be losing for us; and yet there was a strange alternative that by and by we have almost forgotten, that would have made it all another story. BONNYBOROUGH.

Providence is at both ends, and at all crossings.

HOMESPUN YARNS.

15. *John Lothrop Motley*, 1814.

That human hearts can lean on God
  Is argument of Deity:
Unless a planet, how a clod
  At rest in earth's great gravity?

DAFFODILS.

16. *Sir John Franklin*, 1786.

Consequences wear out. Everything wears out but the Lord's love. And these old, worn-out consequences — why He can turn them into blessings; and He means to, as they go along, and fade, and change; until, by and by, we may be safer and stronger, and fuller of everlasting life, than if we had n't had them. THE OTHER GIRLS.

17. *William Gilmore Simms*, 1806.

We are always in the evening of some day, perhaps, beyond which the morning of the next is waiting. BONNYBOROUGH.

And all in the light from that eastern quarter in Eden, which is the shining of God's face upon his heaven. SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

18. *Luther before the Diet of Worms*, 1521.

Sit still, and everything will come round to you. It wouldn't be quite safe to carry that into all sorts of things; but it is very true of a still life. It is true and comfortable, also, of many a quiet pause in the midst of perplexity.

PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

19. *Lexington and Concord*, 1775.

You just keep still, and patient, — and wait. That's your work, and after all, maybe it's the hardest kind.

FAITH GARTNEY.

20. *Napoleon III.*, 1808.

The closer we can keep to the life we don't have to make meat of, and the oftener we can escape into it, the better. . . .

It is good to live in a still place if you have wings.

BONNYBOROUGH.

21. *Charlotte Brontë*, 1816.

We shall always gather to us what belongs. Every little crystal does that.

WE GIRLS.

APRIL 22-24

22. *Madame de Staël*, 1766.

Are all the Wisdom, Might, and Love
That I have learned but part of me?
Do I the possible reach above?
Can I believe, and God not be?

DAFFODILS.

23. *Shakespeare*, 1564; *died*, 1616.

Why must there always be something outside of you, to account for you to outside eyes?

Why with a soul inside of you can't you cry, or laugh, or muse, as the need comes, without other people seeing the pain, or the fun, or the absorption? You can, if you like, in just one place on earth: in a lunatic asylum. SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

24. *Anthony Trollope*, 1815.

The world is all opposites; and one thing could n't be without the other. You can't rest until you 're tired; you can't be glad if you 've never been sorry. PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

We are forced to breathe a diluted air instead of the fierce, unqualified oxygen that would burn us up. How tenderly denial wraps us round with safety, — delay is counted out with comforts!

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

APRIL 25-28

25. *John Keble*, 1792.

The old days cannot quite be brought back again as they were. There may be better days, though, even, by and by. FAITH GARTNEY.

26. *David Hume*, 1711.

The Lord hides away the seeds of wonderful, joyful life in us; and we sleep and wake, night and day; and they spring up and grow, we know not how. PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

27. *Ulysses Simpson Grant*, 1822.

Though we may say, "it is all over!" it never is, so long as anything remains to be over with.

ODD, OR EVEN?

28. *James Monroe*, 1758.

Nerves is at the bottom of everything that gits upsot.

When a man is bothered, must he turn round and bother somebody else? . . .

Well, he 's apt to. Things get passed round, in this world. BONNYBOROUGH.

APRIL 29 - MAY 1

29. *David Cox*, 1783.

Is ours the only tenderness,
The sole long-suffering? Sinful, crude,
May we conceive what yet shall bless,
Can we still trust, — and God not good?

DAFFODILS.

30. *Washington inaugurated President*, 1789.

Was there but one great Friendship, in which all others live? Is the ideal only, and forever, filled in that? Does that hold all manhood and all womanhood, making them one in itself?

BONNYBOROUGH.

MAY

1. *J. Lewis Diman*, 1831.

God does not send us strange flowers every year.
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces.
The violet is here. PANSIES.

The evening purple on our mountains is
A morning climbing Eden's with a kiss,
Melting to one full peace both mysteries.

DAFFODILS.

2. *John Gorham Palfrey*, 1796.

A mean condition in life, between any two in genuine order, is not contemptible. *The* mean condition is to feel middling, and to refuse the fact. Then comes pretence to the fact one considers beyond, and that is the meanest condition of all.

ODD, OR EVEN?

3. *Nicolas Macchiavelli*, 1469.

It is the first moment that most glorifies . . . because it has in it a wholeness of delight that does not stop to test detail, and is not touched with any weariness or interruption that must come in the measuring and verifying, item by item, of almost any joy.

BONNYBOROUGH.

4. *Horace Mann*, 1796.

Little, and near, and every-day things. The meaning is in these also. And the gift and the joy as well.

HITHERTO.

5. *Napoleon died*, 1821.

And to soul of mankind shall no Sabbath be given
Save that it lies down and contents with.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

6. *Assassination of Cavendish and Burke*, 1882.

Each soul, purely poised, is a heaven; and they all are "the body of heaven in his clearness," wherein the Throne of God is like unto a sapphire, "above the firmament that is over their heads."

HITHERTO.

7. *Robert Browning*, 1812.

Your body can only traverse minute spaces of a tiny globe: The minutes of your breathing, mortal life can only give you time for puny and unfinished action; — but the soul of all that is broad and beautiful, noble and great, may be none the less nourishing within you, feeding itself on the life that is living, or has been living, or shall be lived.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

8. *Le Sage*, 1668.

There is great meaning in that word — "heartiness." The soul does not lie in a point; it fills the whole human creature.

HITHERTO.

Nothing is too good for a human being.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

MAY 9-12

9. *Schiller died*, 1805.

Every kind of creature gets all that it is made capable, by any patient continuance, of seeking for.

BONNYBOROUGH.

10. *Rouget de Lisle*, 1760.

Out from the Father and into life;
Back to his breast from the ended strife
And the finished labor. I hear the word
From the lips of Him who was child and Lord,
And I know
That so
It shall be in the land where we all shall go.

DAFFODILS.

11. *Dr. John Brown died*, 1882.

I think that all providings for this life show the providings for the unseen.

PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

12. *Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, 1828.

A myriad homes, — a myriad ways, —
And God's eye over every place.

PANSIES.

13. *Empress Maria Theresa*, 1717.

He marks each flinty footstep of your way,
Each blank where earth denies,
For sweet requitals when you walk one day
With Him in Paradise. HOLY-TIDES.

14. *Lord Macartney*, 1737.

With all the divine capacity you find in yourself to enter into and comprehend a life quite other than and foreign to the daily reality of your own, and to feel how it would be to you if it might become tangible and actual, did you ever question why it is that you are kept out of it, and of all else save the one small and insufficient history? The very consciousness of such capacity answers you why. FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

15. *Prince Metternich*, 1773.

Wouldst thou, amid their gleaming hues,
Clutch after those, and these refuse?
Believe — as thy beseeching eyes
Follow their lines, and sound the skies, —
There, where the fadeless glories shine,
An unseen angel twists the twine.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

16. *William H. Seward*, 1801.

It is not the sunshine, or any other tangible why, that accounts for the pleasantness of old house corners. It is the pureness and the pleasantness that have clustered there; the very walls have drunk these in. THE GAYWORTHYS.

17. *Dr. Edward Jenner*, 1749.

How can people help loving *things*, when they are full of life magnetism, that even a finger-touch gets the thrill of?

PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

18. *John Wilson*, 1785.

How shall our "hearts live forever," if we cut away all the little live cords of habit and memory that they pulsate by? SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

19. *Anna Jameson*, 1797.

The barren life, so soon as its barrenness is absolutely hopeless, becomes a literal death.

LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE.

Every woman is happy with her work well laid out before her for some few straight-going hours. Her occupation is so apt ordinarily to consist chiefly in interruptions. BONNYBOROUGH.

MAY 20-22

20. *John Stuart Mill*, 1806.

Henceforth we know. What grace each soul receives
Is not far alms a far-off Master gives:
It is Himself, who with us loves and lives!

HOLY-TIDES.

21. *Elizabeth Fry*, 1780.

No human being is to be classed or judged, arbitrarily, as being of this or that definite character, like a polyp or a mollusk; nay, it is often quite as hard to say where the true progressive connection lies, or the step is made, from one order to another; it is Kingdom beside Kingdom, truly, and even in the very individual.

BONNYBOROUGH.

22. *Richard Wagner*, 1813.

Ah, the mis-takings, and the mis-leavings, . . . and all the ignorant beginning, when we can only lay up things for late wisdom to repent of! . . .

Nothing really bad can ever happen. . . . I 've meant right, — and I mean right now. I 'll do the best I can, and the Lord will take care of everybody.

BONNYBOROUGH.

MAY 23-26

23. *Thomas Hood*, 1795.

It is funny what a mixture of surprising facts and mistaken conclusions these first impressions often turn out to be. But I always take care of that first negative. It is a key. SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

24. *Queen Victoria*, 1819.

I am not fond of vivisection; let the live thing render its own revelation of living; find out from the dead thing, if you can, what it had to live with, and why it had to die. BONNYBOROUGH.

25. *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, 1803.

Gladdest is tenderest too,
Joy is diviner of trouble;
Power hath a service to do,
Sight that is true seeth double.

DAFFODILS.

26. *Count Zinzendorf*, 1700.

It is shallowness that decides instantly; that always thinks it knows what it is about.

BONNYBOROUGH.

27. *Dante*, 1265.

And if we say "The Trinity,"
In speech but just begun,
It is not that we think of Three,
But in three ways of One.

Our God his Glory uttereth
As shines in heaven his sun:
He is, — He comes, — He quickeneth, —
The Life Divine is One. HOLY-TIDES.

28. *Louis Agassiz*, 1807.

There is a golden time of day and year,
All spring, all morning; every field is prime
With green, and starred with glory; memory here
Begins the count of joy; a happy chime
Where smallest pleasure makes the roundest rhyme;
Our butter-cup and dandelion time. DAFFODILS.

29. *Patrick Henry*, 1736.

How good it is that both ends of a day, or a year, never do come together; no, nor both ends, nor any confusing, counteracting points of a life-time. HITHERTO.

MAY 30-JUNE 2

30. *Decoration Day.*

Folks that think too much of what 's a coming, most likely won't attend to what there is.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

31. *John A. Andrew*, 1818.

There is music between the acts; when the elements of whatever in our lives might combine into great utterances, and sweeps of mighty melody, — into wonderful chorals and harmonies, if the divine touch were given, breathe low, one to another, whispering only, We are here — we are waiting.

THE GAYWORTHYS.

JUNE

1. *Nicolas Poussin*, 1594.

Queen of the months of the year,
Hour of her crowning and prime!
Everything royal and dear
Comes in this bountiful time.

DAFFODILS.

2. *John Godfrey Saxe*, 1816.

Be sure the blossom is under the leaf.

LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE.

JUNE 3-5

3. *Henry James, Sr.*, 1811.

Now it is June, and the secret is told;
Flashed from the buttercup's glory of gold;
Hummed in the humblebee's gladness, and sung
New from each bough where a bird's-nest is swung;
Breathed from the clover-beds, when the winds pass;
Chirped in small psalms, through the aisles of the grass.

DAFFODILS.

4. *Camoens died*, 1647.

We do, always, carry our centre about with us. Horizons shift and ring themselves about us, and we, ourselves, stand always in the middle.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

5. *Counts Egmont and Horn beheaded*, 1568.

Reading and writing are *about* the Eternal Beauty. Living and loving are close to and in it. There are spirits of love, and spirits of wisdom; and the spirits of love are nearest. Heart-truth is the reality; thought-truth only the reflection.

HITHERTO.

JUNE 6-9

6. *William Francis Bartlett*, 1840.

Why should n't folks like novelty? The Lord does, and makes it. Or else, why do we have mornings?

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS

7. *Edgar Parker*, 1840.

It 's all along, and along!
For the earth is bonny, and glad, and wide,
And we 're free to wander, and free to bide,
And we travel with a song.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS

8. *Charles Reade*, 1814.

Like a high soul, that feels itself so great,
It can, with an untroubled courage, wait
Hour and event, that surely come at last,
Since, in God's certain order, none is overpast.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE SEAS.

9. *Charles Dickens died*, 1870.

"Come in!" . . . How differently, indeed those two words can be spoken! How differently our hearts speak them to whatsoever may be knocking there!

BONNYBOROUGH.

JUNE 10-12

10 *Francis L. Hawks*, 1798.

Waiting, fulfilling, — holds neither the whole;
Greater the gospel than joyance or dole.
Whether his snows or his roses befall,
Heart of the Father is Heart of it all!

DAFFODILS.

11. *Ben Jonson*, 1574.

Life is full of new beginnings. Some change may come, something is sure to come, to close one chapter and begin another.

Life is planned just so, . . . that there should be a break from former link and habit, often from imperfection and mistake, and a clear, clean start for the fulfillment of the best one has grown to, even in desire, unhampered by the poorest one has ever happened to be, or to get credit for.

BONNYBOROUGH.

12. *Charles Kingsley*, 1819.

There is n't anything in the world that is n't somehow human, because it was the human of God that made the world.

The noblest is the simplest; the Infinite is One.

BONNYBOROUGH.

JUNE 13-16

13. *Thomas Arnold*, 1795.

All things lie near enough if we knew but how to look. THE GAYWORTHYS.

14. *Harriet Beecher Stowe*, 1811.

God's types take large room,
With answering tokens rife:
Not far from the Closed Gentian shone white bloom
Of Everlasting Life. DAFFODILS.

15. *Magna Charta signed*, 1215.

Don't separate God's righteousnesses; and don't try to separate soul from its own body that He giveth it. He will not take away any single *right* good from you to give you any other.

ODD, OR EVEN?

16. *Judah Touro*, 1775.

Nothing comes *near* us but on a divine and bountiful errand. ODD, OR EVEN?

Do not meddle unless you are somehow called. For the very sake that if the word or sign does come, you may transmit it electric with its own authority. SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

JUNE 17-19

17. *John Wesley*, 1703.

There is a shining as the sun climbs on,
Between the dawn and mid-day; when our June
Warms toward the solstice, and we feel upon
Our life the joy, not burden, of its noon, —
Prelude, like sweetest cadence of a tune,
To the full chord that shall be sounded soon.

DAFFODILS.

18. *Waterloo*, 1815

There is a divine hypocrisy in some natures that reaches continually one way to the very, absolute best, and the other way has continually to reproach itself as false, because all of it has not yet grown up to the fair, celestial level. I do not think these were the kind of hypocrites whom the Lord scourged with his rebuke. BONNYBOROUGH.

19. *Pascal*, 1623.

A nobler joy, a holier hope,
A simple resting in the true, —
So life within her trembling scope
Unfolds each pure, progressive hue.

PANSIES

20. *Anna Letitia Barbauld*, 1743.

Do we not meet interiorly? Do not thoughts and knowledges cross from spirit to spirit. . . . Is not the great deep of being, wherein we rest, electric with a sympathetic life? — and do not warnings and promises and cheer pulse in upon us mysteriously, in these passive hours of the flesh, when soul only is awake and keen?

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

21. *Bishop Stubbs*, 1825.

Thoughts do travel, — and accomplish their errands, — if we did but know, and could believe.

ODD, OR EVEN?

22. *Thomas Day*, 1748.

There are natures made to tread the winepress alone, to take no blessed cup from other human hand.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

23. *F. O. C. Darley*, 1822.

None are divided, Lord, who dwell in Thee!
Each thought of love vibrates Infinity:
Thou art with all, through whom, though worlds should sever,
Thy children may commune, in joy, forever!

FOOTSTEPS ON THE SEAS.

24 *Henry Ward Beecher*, 1813.

Beauty of roses, the lavish sweet light,
Splendor of trees, rearing up the blue height,
Smell of the strawberry, balsam of pine,
Bliss of the brook, and this rapture of mine ! —
Tell they not all, now their heyday is here,
Heart of the Summer is Heart of the Year ?

DAFFODILS.

25. *Lucius Manlius Sargent*, 1786.

We stand serene, at sunny points in life, and to those who smile at seeing us glad say nothing of the interval of storms.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

26. *Philip Doddridge*, 1702.

Don't you touch the edge of the great gladness that is in the world, now and then, in spite of your own little single worries ? Well, *that's* what God means ; and the worry is the interruption. He *never* means that. . . .

If you are glad for one minute in the day, that is his minute ; the minute He means, and works for.

THE OTHER GIRLS.

JUNE 27-30

27. *Smithson died*, 1829.

Every soul wants some one to come to; it is easy to pass from the experience of human sympathy to the thought of the Divine; without it the Divine has never been revealed.

THE OTHER GIRLS.

28. *Mazzini*, 1805.

Everybody is between somebody and somebody else; to do some real service, and fill some real place, or else they are not in any true place at all.

ODD, OR EVEN?

29. *Mrs. Browning died*, 1861.

It has always been the middle place that the Lord has made holy; not anything outside, or above, or separate. . . .

To find out your real betweenness is the great puzzle and all the good of living. ODD, OR EVEN?

30. *Horace Vernet*, 1789.

Yes, it 's the middle that signifies. If you 're in the wrong middle, move right out of it; find a new one; they 're all around; everything is a middle.

PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

JULY 1-3

1. *Gettysburg*, 1863.

I believe the earthly life is grand; almost grander than the first heaven of rest it reaches to. I think the Father's angels must have looked with a more worshiping awe on the Son of Man in the glory of his suffering, than in the glory of his power.

PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

2. *Garfield shot*, 1881.

High noon next, and full summer-tide. The press,
The heat, and toil bear down upon us. How
In this mere sufferance and breathlessness
The color of our daylight may we know?
God fills the sky so full it does not show
The sweetness of its splendor as we go.

DAFFODILS.

3. *John Singleton Copley*, 1737.

And yet the fiery days, as they speed past,
Are golden times, — the golden time of work,
And faith and strength, and loyal holding fast,
However the hard stress may pain and irk:
God knows the blessings that among them lurk
Wait only for the soul that scorns to shirk.

DAFFODILS.

JULY 4-7

4. *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, 1804.

Men have worked two ways — in the world of things and the world of spirit, — as if against each other; but there will come a last stroke when they shall find themselves face to face, and see that it is all one.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

5. *David G. Farragut*, 1801.

Instants are long; and again, nothing *is* instant, nothing comes that has not been prepared for.

ODD, OR EVEN?

6. *John Huss*, 1373.

Mind to her final might ariseth slowly,
And patiently must work her own long way
Up among all things beautiful and holy.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE SEAS.

7. *Sheridan died*, 1816.

Does not God work out our human fate by the bee-lines of His Providence? From points afar and seemingly separate, the threads of agency begin. And, straight to one fore-ordered purpose, move on, undeviatingly, as we trace them, to the converging point, where the divine meaning and plan shall be consummated.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

8. *Fitz-Greene Halleck*, 1790.

There is a moment of the very good,
A sabbath-breathing of the Deity
Bending in crownèd bliss of Fatherhood
Above a world with Benedicite.

DAFFODILS.

9. *Henry Hallam*, 1777.

It would always be well if we worked more with the actual, and its obvious import and duty, in our influencing or helping one another; when we leave that, and the motive and showing involved, to try ordering circumstances, and especially future circumstances, we leave the position of our own power, and take hold of something for which we have no tools, no handling implements; and all parties are subject to wound or loss accordingly.

BONNYBOROUGH

10. *John Calvin*, 1509.

There are things beyond our control. All we can do is to be simply true.

It is only to be willing to take His way rather than one's own. All that seems to depend painfully upon one's self, depends, then, on Him. The act is human — the consequences become Divine.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

11. *John Quincy Adams*, 1767.

Everybody's little yard-room opens into all outdoors. PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

12. *Henry David Thoreau*, 1817.

Everything suits so much more than it was made for. Everything thinks it is the main thing.

Everything *is* the main thing, and everything else goes round and round it. Every little world takes the whole sky to hold it, — after all. Nothing is outside. HITHERTO.

13. *Augustus Hoppin*, 1828.

Everybody gets some. No two people, nor no five, can keep the whole. Being married, and being born, and being converted, and coming home from a great way off after a long time, — why they spread! The whole town is glad, and takes thought about it. HITHERTO.

14. *John Gibson Lockhart*, 1794.

Life is fuller and sweeter for every fullness and sweetness that we take knowledge of. And to him that hath, cannot help being given, from everything. SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

15. *Cardinal Manning*, 1808.

We need not die to go to God ;
See how the daily prayer is given !
'T is not across a gulf we cry,
"Our Father, who dost dwell in heaven !"

PANSIES.

16. *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, 1723.

One hour, we are alone before God, and the soul's grasp stretches out toward the Infinite. All that befalls or may befall it, then seems great, momentous. We sleep, — we rise, — we are our petty selves again — presences and voices come about that call us back into our superficial round, — and, underneath, for weal or woe, the silenced tide of our real being surges onward — whither ? So the great earth whereon we dwell wears its crust of hills and plains and cities above its everlasting fires.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

17. *Isaac Watts*, 1674.

The Life Eternal still some channel findeth
Where man may dare to launch his thought abroad,
And close beside his daily pathway windeth,
To lead his longing out toward his God !

FOOTSTEPS ON THE SEAS.

18. *William Makepeace Thackeray,* 1811.

Beggars, beggars all of us !
Expectant from our youth :
With hands outstretched, and asking alms
Of Hope and Love and Truth.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

19. *Alexander Dallas Bache,* 1806.

When do we lift each other up ? Must we gain a height first, or can we reach up our feebleness together to the Hands that do offer us a mighty help from on high ?

Near doing, and near living, and near loving ; these life-particles make the great heaven, as the little, polarized atoms of light, all magnetized one way, make the great blue in which the stars burn forever.

HITHERTO.

20. *Petrarch,* 1304.

We 're only working by inches, any of us ; like the camel's-hair embroiderers in China. But it gets put together ; and it is beautiful, and large, and whole, somewhere.

REAL FOLKS.

21. *Robert Burns died,* 1796.

The Son of Man came not to condemn the world, but to save it. Let 's each try to save our little piece.

REAL FOLKS.

JULY 22-24.

22. *Garibaldi*, 1807.

All cometh from One Good Hand;
I know that the earth and our hearts are his,
And both are his Holy Land!

DAFFODILS.

23. *Charlotte Cushman*, 1816.

The oil of joy is but as an anointing for a nobler work. We shall have plenty to do, and perhaps to bear. It will all be set before us, in good time. . . . Blessed are the poor, who can feel, even in the keenest earthly joy, how there is a fulness of life laid up in Him who gives it, of whose depth the best gladness here is but a glimpse and foretaste! We will not be selfishly or unworthily content, God helping us.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

24. *Simon Bolivar*, 1783.

Did you ever think what would become of us if we should be possessed of all, in every detail, that is happening around us? We pick curiously at the presented edges; we guess, and peer and theorize; and we do not know that if we were obliged to know all we should be possessed indeed by the legion that would drive us wild.

BONNYBOROUGH.

25. *Coleridge died*, 1834.

The world is but a show of things; a Kindergarten, where we learn by object-lessons. It is only the very little ones to whom the object is all.

HITHERTO.

26. *Winthrop Mackworth Praed*, 1802.

Little things light on the lines of our lives,
Hopes, and joys, and acts of to-day;
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say.
Yet from end to end His meaning arrives,
And His word runs underneath all the way.

PANSIES.

27. *Thomas Campbell*, 1777.

We live in allegory; the very children in the market-place utter the truth hidden away in them; they believe they are at play only; but they can only play after the great human nature and expectation that lie latent and must urge outward.

HITHERTO.

28. *Sylvester Judd*, 1813.

Grand things almost always have to grow with struggles.

REAL FOLKS.

JULY 29-31

29. *Alexis de Tocqueville*, 1805.

Thought is but one: the Truth sublime
Doth every knowledge hold:
Yet spell we little at a time;
Language is manifold.

HOLY-TIDES.

30. *Samuel Rogers*, 1763.

It does not take much, after all, of implement and form to make a life; an alphabet holds a whole language, and all the books of it.

HITHERTO.

31. *Sarah Alden Bradford Ripley*, 1793.

Within the finite mind,
The germ by Infinite Intellect enshrined,
And ever striving outward, comes at length,
As in a full maturity of strength,
To claim the heirship of its heavenly birth,
And cope with all the mysteries of earth.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE SEAS.

We are like children of a vast inheritance, only coming to it as the needs come; opening out treasure after treasure in truth, as we do in the heart of the globe, as the life demands it.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

AUGUST 1-4

1. *George Ticknor*, 1791.

It is only through some faults and mistakes that most of us rise to our best and final character.

HOMESPUN YARNS.

2. *Edward A. Freeman*, 1823.

Folks can't live the best right out at first, any more than plants can. I guess we all want some kind of cotyledons!

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

3. *Juliana Horatia Ewing*, 1841.

We 're in a world of choosing and beating, — or getting beat. Every step of the way we 're letting something get the upper hand, to be the biggest part of us, whether it 's the bats and owls, or the singing birds, or the little children of us, or the growing angels.

BONNYBOROUGH.

4. *Percy Bysshe Shelley*, 1792.

Battledore and shuttlecock!
  Hither, and thither, and yon:
Never a flight without a knock,
  And so the world goes on.

Shuttlecock and battledore!
  When will it all be done, —
The life of the buffet and beat be o'er,
  And the life of the wings begun?

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

AUGUST 5-7

5. *First telegraphic message across the Atlantic*, 1858.

When the sun is in the height,
All the heaven is pale with heat;
So we walk with aching feet,
Daring not to lift our eyes
To that smiting from the skies.
Now, alas, we only know
Colors of the earth below;
Glad of some benignant rest
In the greenness of her breast.
Blinding-full the day burns white,
When the sun is in the height.

DAFFODILS.

6. *Alfred Tennyson*, 1809.

Athirst! athirst! The sandy soil
Bears no glad trace of leaf or tree;
No grass-blade sigheth to the heaven
Its little drop of ecstasy.

PANSIES.

7. *Joseph Rodman Drake*, 1795.

There are thousands of these lives. They have to be, to make up the world; but when one finds out that one's own is to be among them it is as if the world had been made in vain. All the years rise up and resist.

HITHERTO.

8. *Defeat of Spanish Armada*, 1588.

All that in any life you know of or can imagine that seems to you lovely, and to be longed for, is yours already, in that very longing.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

9. *John Dryden*, 1631.

There is no joy, — there is no beauty, — there is no glory of living or of acting, — no supreme moment you can picture in your dreams, that is not in your life, as God sees it, — stirring in the intuition you have of it now, — waiting for you in the glorious fulfillment that shall be There ! "

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

10. *Sir Charles James Napier*, 1782.

What matters, then, where your feet stand, or wherewith your hands are busy ? So that it is the spot where God has put you, and the work He has given you to do ?

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

11. *Jeffries Wyman*, 1814.

It is only in the spiritual world that we truly live, now ; or are truly anything to each other.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

AUGUST 12-14

12. *Thomas Bewick*, 1753.

Six days, and then the Sabbath. The rest God has in the depths of his own spirit over his work; the blessedness that returns upon Him out of his giving; the sublime alternation in the Divine Nature, of which this seventh day, also, that He gives us, is a symbol and result.

PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

13. *Battle of Blenheim*, 1704.

It is when we feel all broken up and wasted, and that we can only bring the bits to God, that He says Come, and He will take us, and mend us, and make us whole again. . . . He takes the turning and changing upon himself. . . . Think, too, that it was the Lord's own body that was broken for our bodies, his own life that was poured out for our lives. . . . Is not the body the form of life, the clothing and the circumstance of it, the garment of spirit? Is not that what we have spoiled, and want to have made clean again?

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

14. *Park Benjamin*, 1809.

If we could reach to the particles, perhaps we might move the mountains.

LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE.

15. *Napoleon*, 1769; *Walter Scott*, 1771.

There's lots more things that happen than you could bring to pass if you tried. . . .

Who shall say without what anything might have happened?"

ODD, OR EVEN?

16. *Hull's Surrender of Detroit*, 1812.

When people suppose they have got everything in heaven and earth packed into their nutshell, they never take the trouble to take it out again and use it, but go along quite satisfied to hold on to the shell.

BONNYBOROUGH.

17. *Fredrika Bremer*, 1801.

Some people seem to have a sort of resinous electricity which draws inevitably toward them all flying shreds, big and little, of mortal circumstance.

HITHERTO.

18. *Charles Francis Adams*, 1807.

You can scramble your cake together at the last, and perhaps it will be all the better for it; but you must beat your eggs and mix your spices patiently in the preliminary.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

AUGUST 19-21

19. *Béranger*, 1780.

Our human love, and our heavenly faiths, the surest comforts of Christ's gospel, hang themselves upon suggestions

PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

20. *Robert Herrick*, 1591.

It is the great facts of our living, and not the signs of it, that matter; we may solve mathematical problems with chalk and a board. . . .

We shall find out some time what we really have been studying, and we may come out more equal than we think.

HITHERTO.

21. *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu died*, 1762.

I think if a soul that has repented and has turned away were set back beside its own old wrong, it would feel blessedly its own redemption and forgivenness, by the utter unbelonging, and the gracious sorrow that would come upon it, as if it saw that some one dear to it had been misled. We may stand, our own pardoning or condemning angels, in that past which shall be present.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

AUGUST 22-25

22. *John B. Gough*, 1817.

From the plenitude that waits on one life, falls a crumb that stays the craving of another.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

23. *Cuvier*, 1769.

Does every life come to know, at first or at last, how something, — a hope, or a possibility, or the fulfillment of a purpose, has got dropped out of it, or has never even entered, so that an emptiness yawns, craving, therein, forever ?

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

24. *William Wilberforce*, 1759.

Were we just put here to catch a glimpse of things that *might* be, and to turn away from all, knowing that it *may* not be, for us ?

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

25. *Bret Harte*, 1839.

'T is he to whose lips
But earth's ashes are given,
For whom the full banquet
Is gathered in heaven !

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

26. *B. G. Niebuhr*, 1776.

Events and deeds are not done with in the moment they are enacted. Does a sublime instant in history pass by into nothingness, except for the memory that it has been ?

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

27. *James Kirke Paulding*, 1779.

Perhaps He shows us things, sometimes, and puts them away again for us, to give us by and by, when we are bigger; as mothers do with children's playthings that are too beautiful for them to have right off. HITHERTO.

I 've got a gray hair somewhere; . . . I am old. . . . And yet I feel, to-day, like a child. . . .

I *am* a child. God's child, with his eternity before me, and the good in it that I have been waiting for . . . all these years. THE GAYWORTHYS.

28. *Jones Very*, 1813.

Thee never loses out of thy life anything that has been in. Summer times are like grains of musk; they keep their smell always, and flavor the shut up places they are put away in.

REAL FOLKS.

29. *John Frederick Denison Maurice*, 1805.

Why are souls set so close, and yet so far? Why must they always be asking after a sign, and no adequate sign be given? HITHERTO.

30. *Joseph Dennie*, 1768.

If we could see a *moment*, and the human souls standing in it, as we see a water-drop in a microscope! BONNYBOROUGH.

31. *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*, 1844.

What people are to us may be always there, but there may be long, sorrowful times of missing them nevertheless, through not having apprehended, in the day of its grace, just what that belonging ought to have been. ODD, OR EVEN?

SEPTEMBER

1. *Louis XIV. of France died*, 1715.

How things come round and join each other again; how this that we do brings us face to face with that which we have done, and with its work and consequence; how people find each other after years and years, and find that they have not been so very far apart after all; how the old combinations return, and almost repeat themselves, when we had thought that they were done with!

THE OTHER GIRLS.

SEPTEMBER 2-4

2. *John Howard*, 1726.

There is a world in us that God keeps to himself, except when He calls some few souls, with special errand for us, to receive a glimpse. It is full of life, and growths, and wonders, that are to be developed and revealed. We ourselves know not what we shall be; but He knows that we shall be like Him. . . . It is the world of the spiritual microscope.

BONNYBOROUGH.

3. *Chateaubriand*, 1768.

If there 's one word I despise more than another in the way folks use it nowadays, — it 's "Culture." As if God did n't know how to make souls grow. You just take root where He puts you, and go to work, and live! He 'll take care of the cultivating. If He means you to turn out a rose or an oak tree you 'll come to it. And pig-weed 's pig-weed, no matter where it starts up!"

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

4. *Phœbe Cary*, 1824.

Our brightest noon is but a folded waiting; at the evening time it shall be light, and we shall live.

BONNYBOROUGH.

SEPTEMBER 5-8

5. *Meyeebeer*, 1794.

The things we do not know ! the things that are happening, — the things that are coming ; rising up in the eastward of our lives below the horizon that we can yet see ; it may be a star, it may be a cloud.

REAL FOLKS.

6. *Horatio Greenough*, 1805.

Experiences are possible to the gravest and most methodical, which may utterly break in upon their order, and absorb their thoughts ; which may be great enough in their gladness or their grief to sweep away from before them all ordinary claim or obstacle.

HITHERTO.

7. *Bishop Wilberforce*, 1805.

Be quiet ; yea, restful in change ;
In a circle of Love you are bound, —
Still meting a different range
Because its whole measure is round.

DAFFODILS.

8. *Arnold Henry Guyot*, 1807.

I think that some of our disappointed longings keep us fresh for what waits for us there.

HITHERTO.

SEPTEMBER 9-11

9. *William Cranch Bond*, 1789.

God leads some through life toward Himself, as a mother wins a child, making its first feeble steps; with good held always in sight, and always out beyond the grasp.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

10. *Mungo Park*, 1771.

There are those who, perceiving, longing, falling short, continually put off, still struggle on and keep the best in view. There are those again, who sit down, tamely, by the way, and turn to some inferior, easy joy. FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

11. *Joanna Baillie*, 1761.

When people don't know which way to turn, it is very often good not to turn at all: if they are *driven* they do know. It is almost always when things are all blocked up and impossible, that a happening comes. It has to. A dead block can't last, any more than a vacuum. If you are sure you are looking and ready, that is all you need. God is turning the world round all the time.

THE OTHER GIRLS.

SEPTEMBER 12-15

12. *Charles Dudley Warner*, 1829.

Days are made for separate people, though they shine or storm over so many. Or the people are drifted into the right days; what is the difference?

THE OTHER GIRLS.

13. *Julius Charles Hare*, 1795.

If all the sunshine was poured on us, we should be blinded and burned. But we can see it on every little spear of grass, and in the water-sparkles, and on the hills, and the white clouds. That is the way we get it all.

HITHERTO.

14. *Alexander von Humboldt*, 1769.

Lose the less joy that doth but blind;
Reach forth a larger bliss to find.
To-day is brief: the inclusive spheres
Rain raptures of a thousand years.

PANSIES.

15. *Adeline D. Train Whitney*, 1824.

We live and act in types, always; we are learning, so, the short-hand of heaven.

HITHERTO.

There is more within and beyond than has ever come forth. More and better worth.

HITHERTO.

16. *Francis Parkman*, 1823.

With God there is no waste, no vacancy;
Nothing is lonely, though it look to be;
On the far deep no billow rolls unseen
Or purposeless, the sundered shores between
Each hath its place, its order, and its end,
And toward one grand accomplishment doth tend.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE SEAS.

17. *Settlement of Boston*, 1630.

If we could throw ourselves away, like broken china, every time we think we have spoiled ourselves and all our story, the back yards of creation would be full of the pitiful flinders of us.

BONNYBOROUGH

18. *Samuel Johnson*, 1709.

Are the lives that have touched, — have coincided for a little length, and gone together through a deep experience, to separate and be nothing to each other henceforth, among all the tangle and criss-cross of human destiny and purposes?

He who brings together and divides, and never without a meaning, knows.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

SEPTEMBER 19-22

19. *Hartley Coleridge*, 1796.

When the well is deep, there is so often nothing to draw with!

HITHERTO.

20. *Charles Carroll of Carrollton*, 1737.

If life were nothing but what gets phrased and substanced, the world might as well be rolled up and laid away again in darkness.

THE OTHER GIRLS.

21. *Savonarola*, 1452.

Ah middle point, where cloud and storm
Make battle-ground of this, my life!
Where, even-matched, the night and day
Wage round me their September strife!

I bow me to the threatening gale:
I know when that is over past,
Among the peaceful harvest days,
An Indian summer comes at last!

PANSIES.

22. *Michael Faraday*, 1791.

And we 'll say to each other, in ecstasy, one day, "To-morrow — the endless to-morrow — is Sunday!"

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

23. *Jane Taylor*, 1783.

Each soul is held in the very heart of His Almightiness, as if there were a separate almightiness for each. If there had only been one soul, there must have been a God to take care of it.

HITHERTO.

24. *Zachary Taylor*, 1784.

The real things are inside, the real world is the inside world. *God* is not up, nor down, but in the *midst.*

REAL FOLKS.

25. *Felicia Dorothea Hemans*, 1794.

I tell you the soul shapes to itself a life, whether the outer life conform to it or not. What else is imagination given for? Outside may be cold and darkness. Your hands may stretch into an unresponsive void. Yet in your spirits are ye blessed. There find ye, wide open, the door into the kingdom! As out of a dream, paths impossible to sense and every day show plain and sudden transit into distant places, — so from your shut souls widens out an entrance-way into God's everlasting joy!

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

SEPTEMBER 26-29

26. *Lord Collingwood*, 1750.

We don't give each other but the merest little piece, the crustiest little corner, where we ought to give the whole, fair slice. BONNYBOROUGH.

27. *St. Vincent de Paul died*, 1660.

After all, do we not, for a great part, drift through life so, giving each other crumbs off the loaf that will only seem to break in that paltry way? And by and by, when the journey is over, do we not wonder that we could not have given better and more at a time? THE OTHER GIRLS.

28. *Sir William Jones*, 1746.

Yet the crumbs have the leaven and the sweetness of the loaf in them; the commonest little wayside things are charged full of whatever is really within us. THE OTHER GIRLS.

29. *Horatio Nelson*, 1758.

The grandest and truest and sweetest things are always hints, — no more.

PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

The days of the giants were not the days of the grandest humanity. Worlds themselves turn upon the pivot of a point. SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

SEPTEMBER 30—OCTOBER 2

30. *George Whitefield died*, 1770.

And then, at last, the mellowing of the leaf,
The leaning of our sun toward its west,
The great, rich ripening of the tawny sheaf;
All shadows backward flung, our clouds all drest
In their praise-garments; time of wage and rest, —
Of all our times the goldenest and the best!

DAFFODILS.

OCTOBER

1. *Rufus Choate*, 1799.

It 's beautiful — but I ain't in it! Only I think I 've got the feeling of it all. And I 'm glad it 's real, somewhere. FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

2. *William Ellery Channing died*, 1842.

The best thing to take people out of their own worries, is to go to work and find out how other folks' worries are getting on.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

I suppose we need trouble less about *the* true life, measuring and condemning by contrast, than just to live, meekly, *a* true life. It takes a great many lives, in a great many ways and places, to make a world. . . . Perhaps we must leave the true life to God, who overlooks and moves throughout the whole; and be blessedly content, ourselves, to be but particles. SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

OCTOBER 3-6

3. *George Bancroft*, 1800.

All cannot be geniuses ; most men just learn a trade. It is only a Columbus who, by the drift along the shore of the fact or continent he stands on, predicates another, far over, out of sight.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

4. *Guizot*, 1787.

Still the brave heart keeps on, in courage strong,
Bearing, in faith unwavering and long,
Its own bright beacon, heaven-lit, that shall lead
A whole world after by the glory of its deed !

FOOTSTEPS ON THE SEAS.

5. *Jonathan Edwards*, 1703.

I can't talk much, maybe. But, God helping, I can hold my tongue. And He knows, I guess, which it takes most of a man to do.

HITHERTO.

6. *Jenny Lind*, 1821.

Grand thoughts do not always arrive for the parade and the review ; it is for the fight that they reserve themselves in natures like his.

HITHERTO.

OCTOBER 7-9

7. *Edgar Allan Poe died*, 1849.

Sometimes there springs up in a quiet life a period when all its elements seem fermenting together; when, emphatically, in more than the common meaning of the common phrase, "something seems brewing." When all sorts of unexpected conjunctures and combinations arise, and amid a multitude of strange and unforeseen forces one is impelled forward to some new path.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

8. *John Hay*, 1839.

Ah! the many foolish ones, who, with lamps untrimmed, are in no plight to meet the exigence of circumstance, or the flash of opportunity, but are swayed hither or thither into ways that were never planned for them in God's projection of their lives, but wherein they stumble, or are left, darkly, while his golden moment goes by!

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

9. *Cervantes*, 1547.

Swift, fluttering glimpses touch us all,
Yet, prithee, what avails?
'T is only genius that can put
The salt upon their tails!

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS

10. *Benjamin West*, 1738.

Some eyes are so anointed from the birth; anointed to the gradual seeing; men as trees walking, at the first; but the feeling of some full, possible vision is upon them; hints of what all things show make all things wonderful. HITHERTO.

11. *Samuel G. Drake*, 1798.

I think the sound or sight that is born of the work is only the record that it leaves; it is the achieving that we think of secretly; the touch of faith and *onsight*. HITHERTO.

12. *Landing of Columbus*, 1492.

There is the life that comes in through the understanding — . . . There is also the soul-perception, which is the breath of God.

HITHERTO.

13. *Elizabeth Fry died*, 1845.

We feel how earth's blossomings
Surely are given
To keep the soul fresh
For the spring-time of heaven!

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

OCTOBER 14-16

14. *William Penn*, 1644.

Counterparts? Affinities? We may go looking for them, and we may chance, some of us, to think we find them; but the tender patience of human souls in a common need is the true affinity; and God has given humanity its one Complement in his Son.

HITHERTO.

15. *Virgil*, 70 *B. C.*

We must go reading and learning through all the years. Must we not read together?

HITHERTO.

16. *Kosciusko died*, 1817.

Ay! Heaven is Home, and for "the kindreds" built, —
Full of bright mansions sweetly separate,
Yet grand together, as the starways spilt
With suns as sand: a dwelling and estate,

Where all shall be all we have learned to be;
Yes, and the thing we missed to learn, and so
In compensation of eternity
Shall but the deeper and the dearer know.

DAFFODILS.

OCTOBER 17-20

17. *Sir John Bowring*, 1792.

I suppose that eye and touch and feeling are all educated by the commonest, teasing little every-day things; the trying to fit things and lay them straight; the making of beds; the setting of tables.

PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

18. *Crown Prince Frederick William*, 1836.

As a philosopher, I should say that no development of conquering fitness came about except through little innumerable struggles with the smallest and nearest obstacles and needs.

BONNYBOROUGH.

19. *Sir Thomas Browne*, 1605.

And "Let thy will on earth be done,
As in thy heaven," by this, thy child!
What is it but all prayers in one,
That soul and sense be reconciled?

PANSIES.

20. *Thomas Hughes*, 1823.

That inner sight and outer seem
No more in thwarting conflict strive;
But doing blossom from the dream,
And the whole nature rise, alive?

PANSIES.

OCTOBER 21-23

21. *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, 1772.

Leave ye your flesh-pots! Turn from filthy greed
Of gain that doth the hungry spirit mock;
And heaven shall drop sweet manna for your need,
And rain clear rivers from the unhewn rock.

PANSIES.

22. *Franz Liszt*, 1811.

Sacrifice is the beginning of all redemption. We must give up. We must even give up the wish and seeming to have a hand in things, that we may work unseen in the elements, and make them fit and healthful; that daily bread and daily life may be sweet again in dear, old, homely ways, and plentiful with all truly blessed opportunities.

THE LAW OF WOMAN-LIFE.

23. *Francis Jeffrey*, 1773.

Let us not build outsides which have no insides; let us not put a face upon things which has no reality behind it. THE LAW OF WOMAN-LIFE.

There is a working from us beyond our own.
But if our working runs with that?

LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE.

24. *Sir James Mackintosh*, 1765.

There 's two ways of growing old. And growing old ain't always growing ugly. Some folks grow old from the inside, out; and some from the outside, in. There 's old furniture, and there 's growing trees!

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

25. *Thomas Babington Macaulay*, 1800.

Behind gray hairs and furrowed brow
And withered look that life puts on,
Each, as he wears it, comes to know
How the child hides, and is not gone.

PANSIES.

26. *Von Moltke*, 1800.

There 's never a fifty or a sixty years that does n't hold the tens and the twenties.

LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE.

27. *Lord Ashburton*, 1774.

The world is troublous, and hard, and cold,
And men and women grow gray and old;
But behind the world is an inner place,
Where yet their angels behold God's face.
And lo!
We know
That only *the children* can see Him so!

DAFFODILS.

OCTOBER 28-31

28. *Bartholdi statue dedicated*, 1886.

When the sun is in the west,
And with backward smiling goes,
Then the past is flushed with rose.
Clouds that had been stormy-heaped
Rest in tranquil purples steeped;
Where were white-hot stress and strain
Peace spreads azure calms again.

DAFFODILS.

29. *John Keats*, 1795.

Who thinks the story is all told at twenty?
Let them live on, and try.

HITHERTO.

30. *Angelica Kauffman*, 1741.

This living is only a little piece, after all.

HITHERTO.

31. *John Evelyn*, 1620.

You shall prove it all in the life-long round;
The joy, and the pain, and the sinning;
And at candle-light your soul shall be found
Back — at its new beginning.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

NOVEMBER 1-3

1. *All Saints.*

Our saints are the spirits through whom God wills to send us of his own. Whatever becomes to us a channel of his truth and love we must involuntarily canonize and consecrate.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

2. *Marie Antoinette*, 1755.

It is of no use to dispute about the Indian Summer. I never found two people who could agree as to the time when it ought to be here, or upon a month and day when it should be decidedly too late to look for it. It keeps coming. For my part, I think we get it now and then, little by little, as "the Kingdom" comes. That every soft, warm, mellow, hazy, golden day, like each fair, fragrant life, is a part and out-crop of it; though weeks of gale and frost, or ages of cruel worldliness and miserable sin may lie between.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

3. *William Cullen Bryant*, 1794.

After the hymn and the prayer of the joy and toil come down the perfect benediction and the peace.

HITHERTO.

NOVEMBER 4-6

4. *James Montgomery*, 1771.

No lip can sound more than its own few syllables of music; no life show more than its own few accidents and incidents and groupings; the vast melody, the rich, eternal satisfying, are behind; and the signs are for us all! REAL FOLKS.

5. *Christina Rossetti*, 1830.

Must we never, in this life, gather round us the utmost that the world is capable of furnishing? Must we never, out of this big creation, have the piece to ourselves, each one as he would choose? REAL FOLKS.

Farther on grows out of now; even out of the missing. If we miss that, I think we shall be sorrier. The foolish virgins went *back* after their oil. There is something in that part of the parable that gets overlooked. Maybe if they had gone straight to the Bridegroom, with their empty vessels, He would have had pity on them. Maybe He himself would have found them oil.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

6. *Cornelius Conway Felton*, 1807.

God, to the last moment of his time, and the last particle of his created substance, can surely care for and order and direct his own.

REAL FOLKS.

7. *William Croswell*, 1804.

Do you think everybody ought to take the hardest thing they can find, to do? . . .

Do you think everybody ought to eat drumsticks? We'd have to kill an unreasonable lot of fowls to let em! No. The Lord portions out breast and wings, as well as legs. If He puts anything into your plate, take it.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

8. *John Milton died*, 1674.

I should n't wonder if it were an excellent way to take life, to make it as exceptional as you can, in all unexceptionable directions.

THE OTHER GIRLS.

9. *Albert Edward, Prince of Wales*, 1841.

We begin, most of us, much as we are to go on. Real or mistaken, the experiences of eighteen initiate the lesson that those of two and three score after years are needed to unfold and complete.

REAL FOLKS.

10. *Martin Luther*, 1483.

The years of God are full of satisfying; each soul shall have its turn; it is his good *pleasure* to give us the Kingdom. REAL FOLKS.

11. *Thomas Bailey Aldrich*, 1836.

Life-drift is like the drift of the sea: you think you have just struck out a few arms' lengths from the shore; you think it is close behind you there, and that you can turn back to its safety and rest at any minute; you would n't else have cast yourself into the waves. But you are floating, floating; and the tide is setting out; it is carrying you away from reach; your safe, sweet shore is lost; you shall never return to it. ODD, OR EVEN?

12. *Amelia Opie*, 1769.

The very books we read, the gossips of the day, chance encounters and reminders, trifling side experiences, all pour in their drops of influence to swell the current that is to bear us, even when we think we are bearing ourselves most uncontrolledly, to the result. ODD, OR EVEN?

13. *St. Augustine*, 354.

Nobody can take up his old life-thread at any one point where he may have left it. Everything else has shaped itself to his first decision, with a facile, fatal mobility. THE GAYWORTHYS.

14. *L. J. M. Daguerre*, 1787.

It is one thing to dream utterly, so that one believes one is awake; it is another to sleep in one's dream, and in a vision give way to vision. It is done in sleep, it is done also in life.

THE OTHER GIRLS.

15. *William Cowper*, 1731.

When we live *true* days, — days like God's, — making each a step and an accomplishment, and entering into his morning and evening joy, — then we shall know. PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

16. *Charles Eliot Norton*, 1827.

Into a single point of time or particle of matter may be gathered the relations of a solar system or the experiences of a life. REAL FOLKS.

17. *George Grote*, 1794.

Entire happiness does make one tremble. Only, if we feel God in it, and stand but the more ready for his work, we may be safe.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

NOVEMBER 18-20

18. *Asa Gray*, 1810.

We know not the day nor the hour; though we go on as if we knew all things and were sure. . . . All the air is tremulous with quick converging nerves; concentrating events, bringing each soul, as it were, into a possible focus continually, under the forces that are forging to bear down upon it. There are no delays, no respites of ignorance. Right into the midst of our most careless or selfish doing comes the summons that arrests us in the Name of the King.

THE OTHER GIRLS.

19. *Thorwaldsen*, 1770.

I believe the making up is always given, where there is a right, loving will to touch, — wherever, therefore, a repentance, or a sorrow for a mistake, or failure, can be.

BONNYBOROUGH.

20. *Thomas Chatterton*, 1752.

All the rest of your life in this world is left; and all heaven; and all God. He is behind and before. He can go back of the thing that troubles us. . . . It all stands together with Him. You don't know what his mercy has done, answering the prayer that was to be.

HITHERTO.

NOVEMBER 21-24

21. *Bryan Waller Procter*, 1787.

A word, or the want of a word, is a little thing; but into the momentary wound or chasm so made or left throng circumstances; these thrust wider and wider asunder till the whole round bulk of the world may lie between two lives.

THE GAYWORTHYS.

22. *George Eliot*, 1819.

Can we begin to struggle with everything that is a hindrance and out of place, can we set every least thing, the crowd and mass of least things, straight when we ourselves are not where we were meant to be; are not straight with the sun? Must we *orient* our own life first? not get everything as we *want* it, — oh no! but everything, as it comes, according to that which is most real and true?

ODD, OR EVEN?

23. *Evert A. Duyckinck*, 1816.

And all for the want of a thought like this,
It comes, and it can but be,
That many a soul's in the wilderness,
And many adrift at sea.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

24. *Grace Darling*, 1815.

God's "by and by" is long, — that is the only comfort.

HITHERTO.

NOVEMBER 25-27

25. *Lope de Vega*, 1562.

It needs not a critical interpretation of language to apprehend a thought whose rudiment has been lying in the soul before. The little seed underneath the earth can no further analyze the sunbeam than to snatch from it the mysterious vivification it was waiting for.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

26. *Empress Marie Féodorovna*, 1847.

Nothing can *but* be where it acts. It 's true when we dream, and when we think, and when we pray.

HITHERTO.

27. *Frances Anne Kemble*, 1809.

Living is as great a puzzle as thinking, and gets as easily snarled up. And one snarl drives you back into the other.

HITHERTO.

When things go criss-cross with people, alwers, it 's most likely they 've took a cross-track somewhere theirselves, — or some of their folks. — But it *don't* go so alwers, *ever*, — the whole thread is n't in any snarl

ODD, OR EVEN?

NOVEMBER 28-DECEMBER 1

28. *William Blake*, 1757.

Nothing's catching that you haven't got the seeds of in your own constitution.

REAL FOLKS.

29. *Sir Philip Sidney*, 1554.

If one life shines, the next life to it must catch the light.

BOYS AT CHEQUASSET.

30. *Samuel M. Clemens*, 1835.

I have long since made up my mind that the only real good, great or small, is communicated so, from life to life. We take from one, and pass on to another. It is the infection of excellence.

BOYS AT CHEQUASSET.

DECEMBER

1. *Alexandra, Princess of Wales*, 1844.

The tramp of the legion may seem to efface,
But the single treading hath left its trace.
Then with faith and fear in the foot-path way,
And with steadfast cheer, trudge on, we say;
For if ever earth into the kingdom rolls,
'T will be by the saving of single souls!

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

DECEMBER 2-4

2. *Advent.*

Prepare! Make place! The King of Heaven comes down!
Straighten a path his awful feet may tread.
Look, where He leaves the glory of his crown
A star flames forth, and follows overhead!

HOLY-TIDES.

3. *Mary Lamb*, 1784.

This (outward smoothness of civilization) is what it has come to in a dozen centuries or so of mere human improvement, — broken, as all human growth is broken, by tumults and oppressions, resistances and crimes and mistakes. What will it be in the Kingdom, when the Son shall come to his own again, and we shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever?

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS.

4. *Thomas Carlyle*, 1795.

When folks really do give their hearts, whether it 's to God or a fellow-creature, it is n't a thing, I think, that they run round telling about. There 's only one concerned to know anything about it.

THE GAYWORTHYS.

DECEMBER 5-8

5. *Mozart died*, 1792.

So many, and so wide abroad:
Can any heart have all of God?
From the great spaces, vague and dim,
May one small household gather Him?

PANSIES.

6. *Richard H. Barham*, 1788.

If we let Him in, — just say to Him it is his house, to do with as He likes, — He takes the responsibility, and brings in all the rest.

REAL FOLKS.

7. *Allan Cunningham*, 1784.

In our few, and tiny steps upon the earth, we do draw the great globe itself toward us, with all its wealths, in every footfall.

PATIENCE STRONG'S OUTINGS.

8. *Mary Queen of Scots*, 1542.

"Every little atom in the whole world of worlds has its face toward God."

"What do they pull away for, then?"

"God gives them a will of their own, to go a little way of their own; but they cannot get beyond his will. The two wills make the beautiful, glad motions, and all the life and the glory."

HOMESPUN YARNS.

DECEMBER 9-11

9. *John Milton*, 1608.

Oh, He is near, and how to make Him room?
Where shall his palace, his abiding, be?
How cleave the mountain, clear the jungle gloom?
Where raise his Throne, that all the world may see?

HOLY-TIDES.

10. *Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet*, 1787.

Each living-out of God's meaning is a piece of his own beauty, and a personal blessedness, laid up for each from the beginning; so only we give back into his glory.

HITHERTO.

11. *William Henry Waddington*, 1826.

No good that has been truly meant, though in the midst of mistakes, shall, in any upshot of life, be utterly lost. In the end of things the angels shall always come and gather the wheat from among the tares. . . .

He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; and He opens the kingdom of heaven to all believers. But we must begin at the beginning; we must come in at the door; we must not climb up some other way. And the beginning is — Do the will.

HITHERTO.

DECEMBER 12-15

12. *Frederic H. Hedge*, 1805.

The quiet enduring of some souls gets laid upon it, not only its own unstinted measure of pain, but half the burden of others' impatient suffering.

THE GAYWORTHYS.

13. *Arthur Penryhn Stanley*, 1815.

The world sings only a half song;
Leaves our hearts sore;
Heaven, in the time that is tender and long,
Will sing us more.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

14. *Washington died*, 1799.

Take in to yourselves then, fearlessly, all life whereto your own life, by any far or secret sympathy touches, — for it is yours! Rejoice with that which doth rejoice, and weep with all that weeps!

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

15. *Thomas Handasyd Perkins*, 1764.

There's only one place, I guess, after all, where you can be shut up with nothing but your own dust!

THE OTHER GIRLS

DECEMBER 16-18

16. *Jane Austen*, 1775.

He cometh, -- always is his Advent so, —
Born a new Saviour in our weakest need,
Our humblest waiting: would we only know,
Life's barest is his Bethlehem indeed!

HOLY-TIDES.

17. *Beethoven*, 1770.

Spirit of man, want-wearied, plague-bestead;
What sign, what message, could be clearer, stranger?
Cleanse but the place wherein the beasts have fed,
And the sweet Christ shall cradle in the manger.

HOLY-TIDES.

18. *Charles Wesley*, 1708.

The way to Revelation is all through Matthew and Mark, Luke and John. When you've *done* all that, then you'll come to the jasper walls and the gates of pearl.

HITHERTO.

There is one Door; but they come from the east and the west, the north and the south, to sit down in the Kingdom.

HITHERTO.

DECEMBER 19-22

19. *J. M. W. Turner died*, 1851.

Do you know how full the world is, all around you, of things that are missed by those who say nothing, but go on living somehow without them? Do you know how large a part of life, even young life, is made of the days that have never been lived?

REAL FOLKS.

20. *John Wilson Croker*, 1780.

Some people lose and suffer, even unto the end, without knowing anything but that, as Mrs. Gradgrind would have said, "there was a pain somewhere in the world, and it might be possible that it was theirs."

HITHERTO.

21. *Racine*, 1639.

Behind the log, in the reek and mould,
How many poor things are there,
Who else might be sought, and caressed, and told,
So tenderly, they were fair!

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

22. *Sara Coleridge*, 1802.

Behind the log, ah, behind the log,
Such only can tell us how
They are glad of a word from a little dog
Who pauses to say Bow-wow!

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

DECEMBER 23-25

23. *Charles A. St. Beuve*, 1804.

Christ's Life — every moment of it — is an everlasting Presence in the earth.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

24. *Matthew Arnold*, 1822.

My Kingdom cometh nigh.
Look up, and see the lightening from afar;
Over my Bethlehem behold the Star
Quickening the eastward sky!

HOLY-TIDES.

25. *Sir Isaac Newton*, 1642.

From end to end, alway,
The same Lord, I am with you. Down the night,
My visible steps make all the mystery bright.
Lo! it is Christmas Day!

HOLY-TIDES.

Seek and save! Seek and save!
By his word the Eternal Christ
Yet on earth repeats the birth
Of the Life once sacrificed.
. . . . . .
Bethlehem! Bethlehem!
Still thy manger, Lord, we see;
Still may say, 'T is Christmas Day,
Every day we do for Thee!

HYMN FOR THE CHILDREN'S MISSION.

DECEMBER 26-29

26. *Mary Somerville*, 1780.

There is a rotation of crops in living and in communities, as well as in the order of vegetation of secret seeds that lie in the earth's bosom.

THE OTHER GIRLS.

27. *Charles Lamb died*, 1834.

We shall not always be rank with noisome weeds and thistles; here and there, the better thought is swelling toward the germination; the cotyledons of a fairer hope are rising through the mould.

THE OTHER GIRLS.

28. *Catherine M. Sedgwick*, 1788.

Through your hating of a weed
Runs there any ill to seed, —
Thistle-blow of petulance,
Bitter blade of blame, perchance,
Or a flaunting stem of pride,
In that other garden-side?

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS.

29. *William Ewart Gladstone*, 1809.

Not to the shorn lamb alone, always, are sharp winds beneficently tempered. There is a mercy, also, to the miserable wolf.

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

30. *George H. Lewes died*, 1878.

When the Lord gives us our last earthly wish, and the kind of peace comes over that seems as if it could n't be disturbed by anything, any more, we may know, by the hush of it, that the day is done. FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD.

As sure as in vanishing haze
Your beautiful distance is rolled,
So surely in new-risen days
You shall its restoring behold.

Although the whole earth swell between,
Though eyes may be blinded and wet,
No vision is blotted, once seen:
Forgetting again, we forget!

DAFFODILS.

31. *James Thomas Fields*, 1816.

All God's yesterdays make up his grand to-day. When the soul wakes to the light of his meaning for it, its morning has begun.

There is never an end; it is always a going on; and God's mercy is beyond, always. HITHERTO.

Little measures, of swift record,
Lost in the wonderful Year of the Lord,
Whose minutes are deeds that the angels do,
Whose hours are struck by the Word of the True
Whose Day is the Love that lights them through!

DAFFODILS.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 10025 789 6